The metynge

OF D. OCTOR BARONS AND doctor Powell at Paradise gate & of theyr communicacion bothe drawen to Smithfylde frō the Towar. The one burned for Heresye as the papistes do saye, vntruly and the other quartered for poperty and all within one houre.

Powel

IT is sene often
that men mete nowe and then
but so do hylles neuer
what wynde dzaue the hether

Barons

Demaunde thou wherefoze
foz qúyet euer moze
I haue trauelid longe therefoze

Powel

Why I the desire
thy reward is hozning fyer
thy trauell was non other
but against holi churches mother

Barons

Trulye thou dosste not saye
ful besy I haue bene
Goddes wozde so pure & cleane
as it hathe bene wel seue
to open nyghte and daye
but I haue bene so croppid
pollid and noppid

and

and ſo often ſtopped
In that my godly Journye
euer ſome popiſche trayne
out of a byſchoppes brayne
dyd turne me backe agayne
cleane beſyde the waye
ſo for the verye trothe
I kaſyd wyth manye an othe
and ſuſteyninge muche wrothe
my dewtye couldē not doo
thoughe Barons was my name
and had grudge and blame
rebuke diſdayne and ſhame
wyth ſorowe care and woo
by many of the wycked
I was ſpornid at and kycked,
when that they were prycked
one the galde backe
that they myghte fulfyll
theyre popiſche wycked wyll
and ſo contenewe ſtyll
with malis lie and cracke
they made many liſtes

and gaue no small giftes
now litle to theire thriftes
by burning very longe
they alleged many lawes
after their owne sawes
not worthy .ii. strawes
to put poze men to wronge
some poze sely sowles
were brought forthe to powles
with carefull heuy nowles
suffering muche shame and care
some had there names
with tauntes rebukes and shame,
and constrayned were w̄ blames
fagots foz to were
some in prison depe
did lye and slepe
and coulde not sturze noz crepe
lyke theues as they had bene
with course barley bred
very hungerly feade
so heuy as any leade
theire drinke was water thin

if they had not sought a boute
frendes to get them out
long ells they mought
in prison tarry still
and yet no cause why
that they coulde pacifie
orells truly iustifie
but theyr malice to fulfyll
for the truthes sake
some they did make
their gods to forsake
some were exiled clene
many they did spill
bannyshe burne and kyll
folowyg theyr wicked wyll
lyke theues as they had bene
some in the bishoppes chamhere
priuelye examined were
because ỹ people shuld not cõ nere
to knowe what there was done
wythe threteninges all to mainyd
and fasinges sore blaimid
to recante they were constrayned

fro

from thens or they were gone

Powell

Fy Barons thou rayleſt
it is not true thou fayleſt
to lewdly thou ſayleſt
in thy communication
tell ſome other tayle
and do no longer rayle
for els I will not fayle
to leaue the here alone.

Barons.

It is your old pleyting
that we do vſe rayling
the truth when we be ſayeng
againſt your noughty lyuing
ye can not abyde
youre wyckednes ſhould be ſpyde
or the truth ſhould be tride
ye be therat ſo byting
but God that ſitteth on hye
ſo haue on me mercie
if I entent to lye
or therof wyll make reciting

ther

therfore brother powell
though on popery styll ye smelle
and will not that I tell
your detestable fasshion
as I am so I am
nother popish nor roman
but a very christian
and that on christes passion
for witnes do I call
though bitter was my fall
I am content with all
let me my mynd declare
for I will not spare
nowe I am past care
the truth for to saye
mercy I tell the shewed they none
but a way with flesh and bone
of them they cried anone
that spake against theyr wyll
better it were they sayd
in yrons that he were teyd
or to the fier leyde
then our kingdom he should spyll
still

ſtill about they ſought
and ſpitefully wrought
ſpeaking that was not thought
the truth to put to flight
with malyce to much vſed
Judaſly they accuſed
the truth to be refuſed
was all theyr delyght
abroad were ſent lyers
of preſtes and of friers
to be priuy ſpiers
to put Gods word to wrong
who did not ceaſe
malyce to encreaſe
and not quietnes
through the ynglyſh thrauge
if they had remembred well
what on the Jewes fell
perſecuting the goſpell
and the vndoubted truyth
Then woulde they loke about
and feare their popiſh route
in peaces ſhould breſt out

oz haue a great ruyth
a deuelysh mad deuise
well doing to dispise
naming it the newgise
as some did it call
which be the holy roode
hath done much moze good
to our ynglysh bloud
then the old fasshion all

Powell.

Cease thy communication
against the olde fasshion
our catholyke tradicion
what doest thou knowe
of bate oz sedicion
of grudge oz rebellyon
within ynglysh region
that the old sozte did sowe
I see thou dust not kayle
to Jeste and to rayle
with an euell tayle,
and malycyously to crowe.

Barons

O thou popish asse
shall I let passe
the prelates iniquitas
wherat totus mundus
rorith at the bisshops
with their romysh shiphockes
the popes priuy cokes
I meane plainlye thus
who lyst to seke about
may in chronicles sone finde oute
what sedes the popish route
in yngland hath sowen
because the time is short
I shall brefely report
and wright in dewe sort
them what I haue knowen
and howe manfully hardy
the fathers of the clargy
and nothing at all hardy
in lyes, disdayne and pryde
spared no expence
nor yet dayly diligence
by the preuie defence

Gods

Gods worde for to hyde
sinna sinnarum is
that thou in no wyes myss
to conucye this
to the high prelates al
it is my last writing
I wold they vse no byting
yet open sittinge
what soeuer therof be fal

I fant escr
ped on the c
ther side c
this page
the iii.
Line for
dronkē bl
kes rede d
kes bloud

THE LETTER OF BARONS

Ful heuy I say they ought to be
for so lōg clokīg of gods veriti
and to lament right bitterly
calling for mercye
that he wold their eyes open
ẏ theyr stony harts may be broken
whyche so longe hathe bene soken
with doctrine so fylthy
all the woorlde doth nowe it spye
and wonderfully vpon them crye
that they so long christe dyd denye
our

our only helth & sauioure
& made vs beleue on stoks & stons
dronken blockes and drye bones,
to be all helpers for the nones
for our wicked behauiore
holly bred and holly water
w redde letters writte in paper
and to the cake as to oure maker
to trust they did vs teache
for the thonder to the holly bell
and at our dethe the holly candel
masses propiscatory they did sel
to be our helping leche
for this lordes laydes and knyght
they haue had in greate despighte
w many other that nowe wrigth
against theyr abhominacion
it is wel knowen and now espied
by my bloude and other that fryed
in smithefild gods word hath tried
theyr pharisis olde fasshion
suche as was to polles called
and in prisones cruelly scallid

for

for gods worde & spitfully bralled
for vengeance haue cried
to god who w ye pre lats now hath
for theyr tiranny wout let (ment
& for thyr Juggeling & snarig net
this cannot be denied
there is no man that now brookes
There stowte crakes & hie lookes
their double hartes & fablig bokes
their pride do abate
thogh truth was inclosed in a wal
it is broken out and now doth fall
your lordly pride brother snowbal
all these be sene of late.

Powell.

Thou abhominable heretike
fantasticall and lunatike.
thi wordes mi hart do throw prick
thus to heare the rayle
prate and say what thou wylle
the papistes therat haue no skylle
they wyll kepe their holde stylle
and thou shalt not preuayle

I se there is no remedy
any longer to talke w̄ the
as thou was so wilte thou be
abhominable heretycke
as for thy letter to conueye
to my prelates stoute and gaye
here I openlye saye the naye
and thereat trust and stycke
they wyll preuayle whē ÿ art gone
when ÿ and thine lamente & mone
thei haue to be merie it is wel knouē
no sorowe can make them sicke

Barons

The deuel, a lye brother powell
dust thou saye but I the tel
let them lyue any longer to smell
and theyr fusty popery
thei know ÿ law thei know ÿ paine
they can no longer cloke nor layne
and if they do I tel the certayne
theyr rewarde is playne ropery
hereof I nede not much to saye
ÿ assaied ÿ game ÿ knowest ÿ play

let

let them turne theyr mynd a waye
and stryfe not against the right
if ẏ lordly poure might ons a bate
then wold they quicly open ẏ gate
of true doctrine which of late
king henry did bring to light
god saue kig Edwards noble grace
& send his highen es tyme & space
to continewe forth his godly trace
by gods powre and might
& send yl chaunre & crokid happes
to all suche popishe forked capes
that gaue so manye cursd slappes
for gods blissed word
so hath he done it is certayne
they haue not won I tel the pleine
and neuer shal tyl they haue agaie
the pope to be there lord

Powel

The deuil of hel be thy gyde
thou dust euer braule and chyde
against my sorte and dust not hyde
one word lesse or more

thou

thou saist thou comest to haue rest
thou shalt be the deuels geste
and herto I wyll do my best
thou mayst be sure therfore.

Finis.

Imprynted
At London, at the signe of the
Hyll, at the west doze of
Paules. By Wylly-
am Hill. And the-
re to be
sold

BRITISH
7 I k 78
MUSEUM